

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION

AND HOLIDAY GUILD

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

Second Series No. 81.

June, 1955.

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E D I T O R I A L

Seeing quite a few new faces in the Club these days, reminds me of the time when I was a new member myself. That, incidentally, is not quite as far back as some of you might imagine, for I was comparatively 'ancient' when I joined. In confirmation of that, let me assure you I was classed (with others) as an "old fogey" only two or three years after joining (we were in Committee at the time).

But I'm digressing - I was about to side with the new members. I remember taking the plunge and slinking into my first Social, feeling I was the only newcomer among scores of seasoned veterans. I soon found I was not the only newcomer, and that most of the 'seasoned veterans' had only a "service" of weeks or months to their credit. I soon found out, too, that to get into the 'swim' the only thing to do was barge in on any cliques, dances, etc. (frightfully gauche, of course).

What advantages encouraged this temerity of mine? I'll tell you! I had the unusual honour of being one newcomer who had been on a ramble before he had even heard of the Socials, and already knew a few "Joes" and "Joans". With that badge in my cap, nothing could hold me back! Secondly, I did receive quite a welcome from the M.C., Host and not a few of the regular members of the Club. Come to think of it, without that I would not have been so forward - I might not even have stayed.

Where does all this bring us to? I shouldn't have to tell you!

NEW MEMBERS - BARGE IN ON THE RAMBLES, PILE IN ON THE SOCIALS - YOU'LL BE MORE WELCOME THAN YOU THINK!

OLD MEMBERS - EXTEND THAT WELCOME - YOU MAY BE SHAKING HANDS WITH A FUTURE TRUSTEE!!! - OR WASHER-UP!!!!

The Editor.

JUNE SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>
1st	W.J. Roberts (Rosary)	M. Roberts	J. Gannon & I. Roche
8th	W. Potter	P. McGrath	C. Keenan & B. Keenan
15th	G. Penlington	A. Appleby	M. Lamb & A. Gahan
22nd	Midsummer Night (Ladies' Comm.)	A. Bowden	V. Callaghan & J. Cassin
29th	B. Edwards	M. Roberts	C. Doyle & J. Morgan

R O S A R Y 1st June at 8.20 p.m. in the Chapel on the 1st Floor.

HOLLYWELL, 24th APRIL

James Street Station shook to the sound of twenty-eight pairs of boots, and the train was held up while the clerk wrote out the tickets - I think he got cramp half way through, because the rest had to get their ticket at the final destination, one person got the communal ticket and wasn't allowed to get lost that day.

We eventually arrived in Holywell, to beautiful sunshine and admiring stares from the locals. Then to the cafe, where we collected our own chairs and relaxed to eat our lunch - some sat outside continental style. Afterwards, we paid a visit to St. Winifrede's Well and saw the place where the miracle occurred. The spring has been flowing ever since.

We walked through the town, which appears to be quite old, and climbed a very steep hill to Pen-y-ball, where the War Memorial is situated. From here we had a very good view of the surrounding countryside as far as Moel Fannau. We then went across the golf course and past a chicken farm, an old Hall, and lovely orchards. While crossing the fields we were tempted to sunbathe, but our leader declared we were lazy so off we went. Cautiously, we struggled over a stream by stone or the tree trunk, which evidently was the bridge, and then on to the fisheries, where they breed fish for restocking the angling rivers.

Some of us then had our sunbathe while the more energetic ones walked round the lake and fed the swans.

We then climbed back on to a path, on either side of which were bushes now wearing their Spring coats, and the lambs frisking about in the fields below us. A tap in the wall provided welcome refreshment. Tramping down a country lane, we passed an old picturesque Inn called the "Black Horse", and down through Brondion. By that time we had a collection of wild flowers - whether they arrived home still fresh, I don't know.

By the time we arrived back at the Memorial, we were all pleasantly tired. Thank goodness it was downhill the rest of the way. We had our tea in a very nice Milk Bar.

Strolling down to the station, we broke into a gallop when Bernard shouted "Two minutes before the train goes"; the train being late, we had fifteen minutes to spare. We would have had time to get that bird out of the drain after all!

It seemed too nice to go home, it had been such a lovely day, but all good things come to an end. I think we should do that area more often.

We got home with much less trouble than we had in getting there. A very enjoyable day to which everybody contributed. Thank you, Bernard.

'A Regular'

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PERSONAL

Congratulations to Johnny and Clare Battisti on the birth of their son.

We wish speedy recoveries to the mothers of Len Bassett and Basil Gahan who are in hospital.

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SNOWDON RALLY - TRYFAN - 1st MAY

Nineteen hardy mountaineers joined the main R.A. party at Birkenhead for their annual Snowdonia Rally. There were a few non-starters who, apparently, could not quite make the early start.

The journey to Lake Ogwen via Hollywell and a stop for lunch at Swallow Falls was rather uneventful, but, unfortunately, it was still raining when we de-bussed. The ascent commenced with everybody in high spirits, however, and the rains soon ceased.

For the first half hour, the ramble was much of a scramble over rocks and boulders which we all managed to negotiate minus a few spare ounces of padding.

The way up to the top continued rather rough and rugged, and the field eventually became staggered. Progress was kept up although one or two of the more robust members, having become wedged between boulders, had to be levered out of position with the aid of improvised crowbars. Another nameless soul is understood to have decided to become a tight rope walker after performing a wonderful balancing act on a knife edge ridge.

After a few ups and downs the peak was reached, where one unenlightened person requested the location of the cafe.

The views from the top were rather spoilt by mist, but the Menai Straits and Anglesey were visible for a while. As it was very cold and windy the rest period was cut short, and tracks made down towards Lake Idwal. Several hardy characters carried on to tackle the North Ridge, the remainder continued down, some detouring to inspect Devil's Kitchen.

On arrival at Idwal Cottage, the rains had once again commenced, after a few hours dry spell, and shelter was gladly sought in the bus.

Whilst awaiting the return of all the party, it was learned that one straggler was still up the mountainside, apparently reluctant to leave. A number of stout warriors proceeded through the now pouring rain and mist to look for him. He was eventually discovered and gently propelled to base.

The return journey was then commenced via Denbigh and Ruthin, arriving at Birkenhead in time for the 11.15 boat.

A good day out unfortunately spoilt by a bad accident to one of the R.A.'s Leaders, Mr. F. Whitby, whom we are pleased to learn is making good progress.

OLD TIMER.

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RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>JUNE</u>	<u>RAMBLE</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>COST</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
5th	Pen-Y-Ford	James St. Stn.	9.50	4/-d.	J.Gannon
12th	Weaver Valley (Ben:)	Pier Head	10.15	3/6d.	B.Edwards
19th	Hardcastle Crags	Exchange Stn.	9.50	6/-d.	M.Beatty
26th	Freshfield (Swimming)	Exchange Stn.	11 a.m.	2/-d.	B.Peagram

N.B. The next Chalet Week-end is the 3rd July.

BILLINGE BEACON - 15th MAY

This must be one of the easiest walks ever done by our Club! It was intended to be for the benefit of the newcomers. It was supposed to be ideal for them to come out on, and be introduced to Rambling. It should be recorded on paper now, for their benefit, that we walk in all weathers, and that a few rain showers before 9 a.m., don't mean its going to pour all day.

Only eight 'oldsters' turned out. By the time we got out of St. Helens it was perfect for walking. There was a wind up and great big white clouds were spaced in a blue sky - if only it would stay as such! The track from Moss Bank to the road for Shaley was lovely, it went through fields as green as any 'chlorophyll toothpaste', and finished by a house outside of which was parked a beautiful Rolls Royce car with gold initials on the door - 'Royalty', I thought. "No" said Rita, "It's Mr..... a funeral director!" He must have been busy of late!

Very soon we reached Shaley, and proceeded to drink cups of glorious tea, after which we strolled to the top of the Beacon and down the other side to find a sheltered spot for a rest. I fell asleep, and when I woke up found that those lovely big white clouds had become even bigger black ones.

Rita gathered her party together (three of which had been 'rock' climbing) and took us back once more for tea. After tea, we took the track towards Carr Mill, but ended up on the road near Rainford. It then started to - you've guessed it - RAIN! One sweet young thing forgot her mack, and with the help of Sean and Bernard walked through to Moss Bank (again) looking like a centipede cut into eight. From here it was the bus into St. Helens, another cup of tea while we listened to the juke box playing "all the latest", until one "soft clot" put his 3d. in and jammed it.

It had been a pleasant day, quite a change than of late, e.g. Tryfan, etc., but enjoyable. Thank you, Rita and Frank.

B. Edwards.

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Sociā' Chatter. The decorating of the Chapel is now completed - in a lovely pastel shade. The kneelers are being re-covered and the early arrivals for the June Rosary will probably have the use of them. If you can't make it for 8.20 p.m. prompt, come up as soon as you arrive, and don't forget that new members wont know where the Chapel is.

Alec Mitchell and Sheila Sandham are the Table Tennis finalists, KEN O'Neil and Mary Smith having been knocked out in the semi-final. All that remains now is for Alec and Sheila to turn up on the same Wednesday some year and play off.

Increased numbers at Socials have made the job much easier for M.C.s. Bob Doyle did his first stint of M.C.ing this month and did a nice job of work. To ease their task of making announcements over the general roar of conversation (especially during the Interval notices) could we get the microphone fixed up again? The trouble would appear to be with the radiogramme rather than the mike.

Club members are certainly spreading their wings nowadays. As well as representatives in odd parts of the Empire, we now have CIARE O'Rourke sampling the joys of rural life in Ireland, and wish her all the best in this venture.

over twenty-one? Yes? We'll don't forget your ~~X~~ tomorrow!

All for now,

SOCIAlITE.